# *LÆTITIÆ CALEDONICÆ,*

OR,

# SCOTLANDS Raptures,

## Upon the thriſe happy Return of Her Sacred Soveraign *CHARLES* the Second, Monarch of Great Britain, *&c.*

WHat Poetaſter bold dare undertake,
An Embleme of my mirth in rime to make?
The tongues of Men and Angels, ſhould but wrong
This Theam, ſo far tranſcending any Song:
My Loyalty likewiſe it would Eclipſe,
If't were definable by humane lips.
Old *Maro* ſure would bluſh, if he were here,
And gall'd with this diſaſter, ſhed a tear;
His ſoaring quill, which many Triumphs wrot,
Should in defining this, its Triumphs blot:
*Parnaſſus* Nymphs alſo, I dare be bound,
Would curſe their native Soil, for barren ground,
That diſproportion vaſt when they ſhould ſee,
'Twixt their beſt notions, and this extaſie.
How then ſhall *Caledon*, her ſenſe expreſſe
Of this unuterable happineſſe?
This bleſt Arrivall of her Soveraign brings
That true *Vice-gerent* of the King of Kings;
Shal't be with flying cups? O that's not fit!
His Sacred MAJESTY prohibits it.
Shal't be with ranting ſwaggering bravado's,
We will do wonders 'gainſt his foes Armado's?
This neither will ſuffice, himſelf can tell,
This is the Dialect 'bout *Bacchus* Well.
Shall we renewing Covenants, engage,
His Perſon to defend, and Royall badge?
No He'll ne'r truſt's thee more; (and who can blame him?)
Nor Tongue, nor Hand, that ſtop't e're to diſclaim him:
What then ſhall our deportment be, and how,
Shall we do homage to that Sacred brow?
That brow! whoſe ſweet appearance hath undone
Thoſe miſeries, our follies had begun:
Ev'n this; each Loyall Heart ſhall undertake,
With reſolution, recompence to make,
By ſtrong endeavours, never to back-ſlide
Into theſe principles, did us divide
From our Alleageance; ſhun equivocations
As Popiſh practices, to cruſh the Nations.
Each ſparkle of rebellion let us ſmoother,
And to that purpoſe ſtrengthen one another:
Each Overture that's made, before 't's appointed
Let's ponder well, let not the Lord's Anointed
Get any prejudice from what we do,
Give him that right the Scripture doth allow.
This will as in one Atome us unite,
And to commend us, forraign Pens invite:
This will the Moderns move aloud to praiſe us,
And our Poſterities ſhall Trophees raiſe us,
With this Inſcription, *Bleſſed be our Sires,*
*Their Countreys honour bounded their deſires;*
*Whoſe ſouls expiring, Loyally did ſing*
*With firme Devotion, long may our Soveraign Raign.*

*FINIS.*